

Pamela Bledsoe Lane

(11 Feb 1814 - 24 Dec 1842)

The National Intelligencer, December 24, 1842

Died, in this city, at half past 11 o'clock, on the evening of the 22nd instant, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Pamela Bledsoe Lane, wife of the Hon. Henry S. Lane, Representative in Congress from the State of Indiana.

This most distressing and afflicting dispensation of Providence has thrown the deepest gloom and melancholy around those who enjoyed the society and acquaintance of this amiable and excellent lady. Possessed of a remarkably good constitution, her friends had promised themselves that she would yet, for many years, enliven their associations with the sweetness of her temper, the amiability of her deportment, and the example of her piety. But a few weeks ago she escaped death in its most terrifying -- by an accident from which her husband received an injury -- but to be summoned thus early to the payment of a debt which none can escape. And though this melancholy bereavement may agonize those who were attached to her by the tenderest and holiest of ties, the recollection of her piety and virtue will root out much of sorrow from their hearts, as it will assure them of her happy resurrection beyond the tomb.

For several years past the deceased had been a most exemplary member of the Baptist church; and if the observance of all the duties of the Christian -- a firm reliance upon the promises of the Gospel; if Christian charity and an humble submission to the will of Providence; if the tenderest attachment of friends, and the deep devotion of the most affectionate of husbands, could have warded off the arrow which sped but too fatally to its victim, she would not thus early have been snatched away, in the very prime of womanhood, and in the midst of a life enlivened by all the virtues and charities of the heart.

Mrs. Lane came to this city in company with her husband, whose duties required his attendance upon the present session of Congress, and until the day before her death enjoyed her usual health. She was then suddenly attacked with a disease which baffled all the skill of the most scientific and attentive physicians, and hastened the termination of a life adorned with all that makes it estimable and lovely. Although she suffered greatly during its progress, her departure to the bosom of the God upon whom she had so long relied was without a murmur or a sigh. Buoyed up with the hope of immortality, and clinging closely and solely to the Savior of the world, she gently and calmly fell into the sleep of death but to awake to life eternal. Fully realizing the idea of a Redeeming God, this most amiable lady, whose life had been decorated by so much that enlivens all the relations of wife, daughter, and friend, passed into the chamber of death as one enjoying the slumber of refreshing sleep. May that God whom she adored, and whose precepts she so devotedly followed, temper this deep affliction which has thus fallen upon her distressed husband and friends, and prepare them to meet her in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

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We are requested to state that the Funeral of Mrs. Lane will take place at twelve o'clock this day, at the residence of Mrs. Brawner, on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, near the Railroad Depot. The friends and acquaintances of Mr. Lane are invited to attend.